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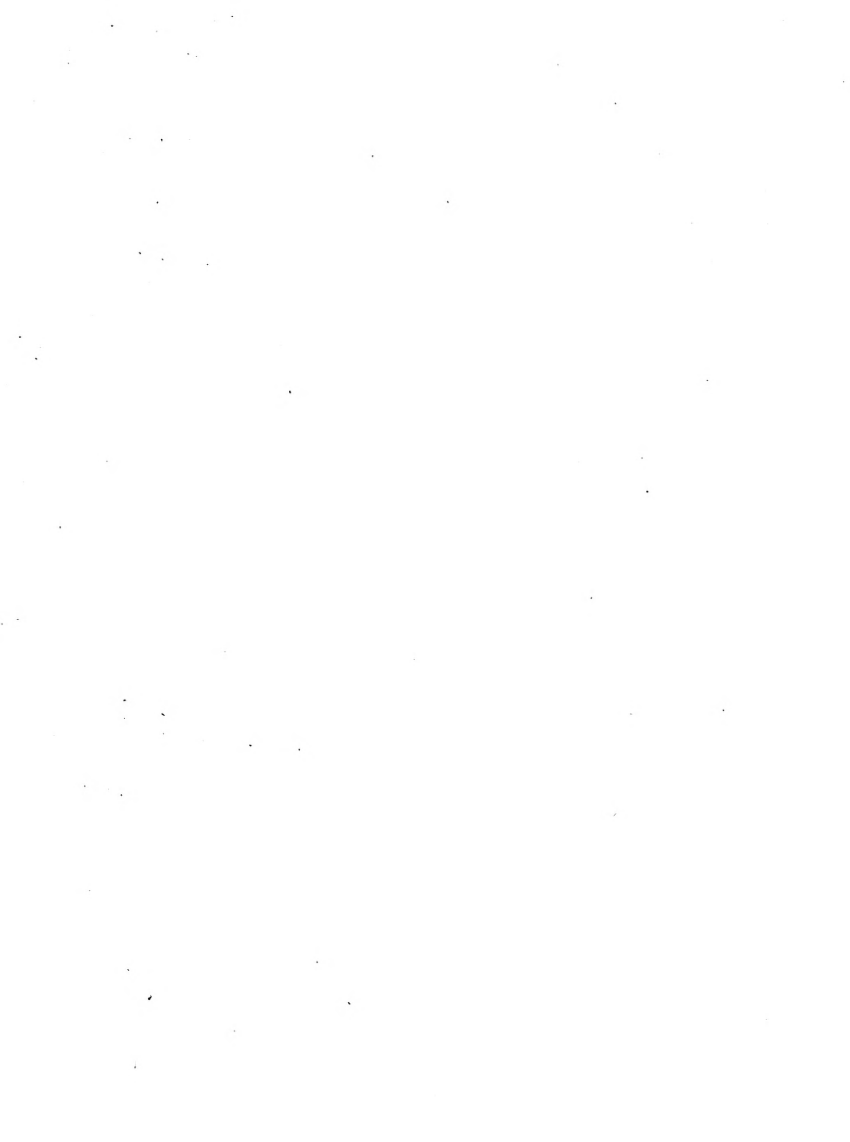




Class E 462

Book P394

1912



BOOK

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CONSULT

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

SONG-BOOK

OF THE

Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania



PHILADELPHIA

1912

E462

P374

1912

ALFRED GROUT, Printer, 706 N. 3d St., Philadelphia

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AMERICA.

Key of C.

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing!
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free,
 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods, and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND.

CHORUS.

Come on and hear, come on and hear.

Alexander's ragtime band,

Come on and hear, come on and hear.

It's the best band in the land;

They can play a bugle call like you never heard before.

So natural that you want to go to war;

That's just the bestest band what am, honey lamb.

Come on along, come on along.

Let me take you by the hand;

Up to the man, up to the man, who's the leader of the band.

And if you care to hear the Swanee River played in ragtime,

Come on and hear, come on and hear.

Alexander's ragtime band.

AULD LANG SYNE

OF THE LOYAL LEGION

By Companion I. W. HEYSINGER, M. A., M. D.

Key of F.

When auld acquaintance first began
'Twas 'mid the battle-fires,
When freemen sprang to arms to save
The Union of our sires;
On countless fields they fought and bled
To rescue Freedom's shrine,
And the Loyal Legion led the ranks
In the days auld lang syne.

In the days auld lang syne!
In the days auld lang syne!
We'll take a cup of kindness yet
For the days auld lang syne!

Though since those grand heroic days
Long years have passed away,
Their glory burns as bright as when
Our blue ranks faced the gray;
And though we pass by, one by one,
Our sons shall intertwine
New Loyal Legion wreaths again
For the days auld lang syne
For the days, etc., etc.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast,
And bends the gallant mast, my boys!
While like an eagle free,
Away the good ship flies and leaves
Columbia on our lea.

Oh! give me a wet sheet, a flowing sea,
And a wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast!

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind,
I heard a fair one cry,
But give to me the roaring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys!
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

—*Chorus:*

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud,
And hark the music, mariner's,
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys!
The lightning flashes free,
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

—*Chorus.*

BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

Key of A flat.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Chorus.—The Union forever! hurrah, boys hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star,
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call for three hundred thousand more,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
And we'll fill the vacant ranks of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Chorus.—

We will welcome to our members the loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
And, although they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Chorus.—

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Chorus.—

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Key of C.

Mine eyes have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:

His truth is marching on,

Chorus.—Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by their dim and flaring lamps;

His day is marching on,

Chorus.—Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel.

Since God is marching on,

Chorus.—Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
O' be swift my soul to answer Him! be jubilant my feet!

For God is marching on.

Chorus.—Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

For God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.

While God is marching on.

Chorus.—Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glory, glory hallelujah!

While God is marching on.

BEDELIA.

Bedelia, I want to steal ye, Bedelia, I love you so,
I'll be your Chauncey Olcott, if you'll be my Mollie O ;

Say something, sweet Bedelia, your voice I like to hear.

Oh, Bedelia elia, elia, I've made up my mind to steal ye, steal ye,
Steal ye, Bedelia, dear.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

Words by Captain W. R. HODGES.

We love to sing about the days, when we were young and frisky.
We gaily went a-soldiering, and would not look at whiskey.

Oh, those were the days one did enjoy;

With never a thought he was only a boy.

'Then ho, for the days of long ago, when we tramped through mud
and rain.

We ate hard tack and bacon too, and never an ache or pain.

With the sky above we slept the sleep of a babe in its mother's arms,

Without a thought of the morrow's fight, nor fear of war's alarms.

For' boys will be boys, boys will be boys.

The world may change and things seem strange,

But boys will still be boys.

Boys will be boys, boys will be boys.

The world may change and things seem strange,

But boys will still be boys.

'Twas march and fight, and fight and march—of that we had a plenty.
But one does not mind such things you know—when he is only twenty.

Then how you loved your boyhood friend;

Your pay was only made to spend.

Then ho, for the days of long ago, when we tramped through mud
and rain.

We ate hard tack and bacon too, and never an ache or pain.

With the sky above we slept the sleep of a babe in its mother's arms,

Without a thought of the morrow's fight, nor fear of war's alarms.

Chorus:

But one thing we must not forget, if we've been fairly thrifty,
There's lots of pleasure for us yet, when we are over fifty.

It's a fact that cannot be disguised;

The old boy must not be despised.

'Then ho, for the days of long ago, when we tramped through mud
and rain.

We ate hard tack and bacon too, and never an ache or pain.

With the sky above we slept the sleep of a babe in its mother's arms,

Without a thought of the morrow's fight, nor fear of war's alarms.

Chorus:

BRING BACK MY BONNIE TO ME.

Key of C.

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea,
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
O, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus.—Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me;
Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.

Chorus.—Bring back, bring back, *etc.*

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus.—Bring back, bring back, *etc.*

BUGLE CALLS.

Key of C.

REVEILLE

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning;
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all!
The corporal's worse than the private,
The sergeant's worse than the corporal,
The lieutenant's worse than the sergeant,
And the captain's the worst of all.
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning;
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all!

STABLE CALL.

Come all that are able, and go to the stable,
To water your horses and give them some hay;
For if you don't do it, the sergeant will know it,
For if you don't do it, the sergeant will know it,
For if you don't do it, the sergeant will know it,
And put you on picket the very next day!

TAPS.

Fare thee well! (*All is well.*) (Echo.)
Fare thee well! (*All is well.*) (Echo.)
Faithful guards round the camp— all is well!
To our comrades, Good night!
And farewell!

CAPTAIN OF THE "PINAFORE."

Solo.—I am the captain of the "Pinafore!"

Chorus.—And a right good captain, too!

Solo.—You're very, very good, and, be it understood,
I command a right good crew.

Chorus.—We're very, very good, and, be it understood,
He commands a right good crew.

Solo.—Though related to a peer, I can hand, reef, and steer,
And ship a selvagee;
I am never known to quail at the fury of a gale,
And I'm never, never sick at sea.

Chorus.—What, never?

Solo.—No; never.

Chorus.—What, *never*?

Solo.—Hardly ever.

Chorus.—He's hardly ever sick at sea!

Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the hardy captain of the "Pinafore!"

Solo.—I do my best to satisfy you all—

Chorus.—And with you we're quite content.

Solo.—You're exceedingly polite, and I think it only right
to return the compliment.

Chorus.—We're exceedingly polite, and he thinks it only right
To return the compliment.

Solo.—Bad language or abuse I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency;
Though "Bother it!" I may occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D—.

Chorus.—What, never?

Solo.—No; never.

Chorus.—What, *never*?

Solo.—Hardly ever.

Chorus.—Hardly ever swears a big, big D—.

Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the well-bred captain of the "Pinafore"!

CLEMENTINE.

Key of G major

in a cavern, in a canon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter Clementine.

Chorus.—Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever, drefful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was, and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses
Sandals were for Clementine. —*Chorus.*

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine. —*Chorus.*

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas for me! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine. —*Chorus.*

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked in brine.
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead I'll draw the line. —*Chorus.*

COME, JOSEPHINE, IN MY FLYING MACHINE.

CHORUS.

Come, Josephine, in my flying machine,
Going up, she goes! up she goes!
Balance yourself like a bird on a beam,
In the air she goes, there she goes!
Up, up, a little bit higher.
Oh, my! the moon is on fire.
Come, Josephine, in my flying machine,
Going up, all on, "Good-bye!"

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

Key of D.

Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee;
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

Chorus.—When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark, then, of freedom's foundation,—
Columbia,—rode safe through the storm
With the garlands of victory o'er her,
How proudly she bore her bold crew,—
With her flag proudly floating before her,—
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.

Chorus.—The boast of the Red, White, and Blue, *etc.*

The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither,
And fill you it up to the brim,
May the memory of Washington ne'er wither,
Nor a star of his glory grow dim;
May the service, united, ne'er sever,
But may each to his country prove true,
The Army and Navy forever,—
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

Chorus.—Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, *etc.*

COON! COON! COON!

Companion I. W. HEYSINGER

As we used to do our marching
Down through the Southern land,
We'd see the Coons a-standing
Around on every hand;
Lord! how they'd grin and chatter,
The soldier boys to see,
That "Massa Linkum" sent them
To set the darkeys free.
And often when a-marching,
Some Coon would join the show,
And dance a break-down for us
By jumping "Ole Jim Crow,"
And one day one came to us,
While halted there at noon,
And yelled, "I'd jine you but I can't,
Because I am a Coon!"

"Coon! Coon! Coon! I like dat old brigade!
Coon! Coon! Coon! I like dat bright cockade!
Coon! Coon! Coon! Morning, night and noon,
I'd like to be a soldier, 'stead of a Coon! Coon! Coon!"

But when our ranks grew thinner,
The war was hard and long,
And thousands found a grave there,
Who started with a song,
"Old Massa Linkum" spoke up,
"If General Washington
And Andrew Jackson used them,
I'll see what can be done."
And so they joined the Army.
They came from everywhere,
Like great black clouds they rose up,
With "Music in the air;"
We knew when they were coming
By the sound of that old tune,
"Oh, Lord! I've jined the old brigade,
Although I am a Coon."

Refrain:—

DEAREST SPOT.

Key of B Flat.

The dearest spot of earth to me
Is Home—Sweet Home!
The fairy land I long to see
Is Home—Sweet Home!
There how charmed the sense of hearing!
There where love is so endearing!
All the world is not so cheering
As Home—Sweet Home!
The dearest spot, &c.

I've taught my heart the way to prize
My Home—Sweet Home!
I've learned to look with lover's eyes
On Home—Sweet Home!
There where vows are truly plighted!
There where hearts are so united!
All the world besides I've slighted
For Home—Sweet Home!
The dearest spot, &c.

THE NATIONAL DIXIE.

Companion I. W. HEYSINGER

In Dixie Land the Stars are shining,
Stars and Stripes together twining,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land!
And from one ocean to the other
You'll not find a man that's not a Brother,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land!

CHORUS.

I'm glad I am in Dixie! Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand, to live and die in Dixie!
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!

Hay, Corn, Wheat, Rye, Cotton, Orange and Banana,
We're all for the old Star Spangled Banner,
Look way! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land!
And each proud State can read its story
In the bright stars that crowd Old Glory,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land!

CHORUS.

I'm glad I am in Dixie! Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand, to live and die in Dixie!
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!

We'll guard the land we love from danger,
And welcome every friendly stranger,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land!
With Freedom's Flag above us looming,
Dixie's soil around us blooming,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land!

CHORUS.

I'm glad I am in Dixie! Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand, to live and die in Dixie!
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!

DOWN WHERE THE WURZBURGER FLOWS.

Take me down, down, down
Where the Wurzbürger flows, flows, flows,
It will drown, drown, drown
All your troubles and cares and woes;
Just order two seidels of lager or three,
If I don't want to drink it,
Please force it on me.
The Rhine may be fine,
But a cold stein for mine,
Down where the Wurzbürger flows.

FLAG OF THE FREE.

Key of A.

March from "Lohengrin."

Flag of the free, fairest to see!
Borne thro' the strife and the thunder of war;
Banner so bright with starry light,
Float ever proudly from mountain to shore.
Emblem of freedom, hope to the slave,
Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save,
While thro' the sky loud rings the cry,
"Union and Liberty! one evermore!"

Flag of the brave, long may it wave.
Chosen of God while his might we adore,
In Liberty's van for manhood to man,
Smybol of Right thro' the years passing o'er.
Pride of our country, honored afar,
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star,
While thro' the sky loud rings the cry,
"Union and Liberty! one evermore!"

FLAG OF OUR UNION.

Key of A major.

A song for our banner, the watchword recall,
Which gave the Republic her station;
"United we stand, divided we fall!"
It made and preserves us a nation.

Chorus.—The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States none can sever;
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of our Union forever and ever—
The flag of our Union forever!

What God in His infinite wisdom designed,
And armed with republican thunder,
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined
Have the power to conquer or sunder.

Chorus.—The union of lakes, the union of lands, *etc.*

GLORY, HALLELUJAH!

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
His soul is marching on.

Chorus.—Glory! glory, hallelujah!
Glory! glory, hallelujah!
Glory! glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
His soul is marching on.

Chorus.—Glory! glory, *etc.*

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!
His soul is marching on.

Chorus.—Glory! glory, *etc.*

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
And they'll go marching on.

Chorus.—Glory! glory, *etc.*

They will hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
They will hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
They will hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
As they go marching on.

Chorus.—Glory! glory, *etc.*

GOD EVER GLORIOUS.

Key of F.

Air—Russian Hymn.

God ever glorious!
Sovereign of nations,
Waving the banner of Peace o'er our land;
Thine is the victory!
Thine the salvation!
Strong to deliver,
Own we Thy hand.

Still may Thy blessing rest,
Father most Holy,
Over each mountain, rock, river, and shore;
Sing Hallelujah!
Shout in Hosannas!
God keep our country
Free evermore!

GOOD-BY, MY LOVER, GOOD-BY.

Key of G major.

I saw the steamer come round the bend ;

Good-by, my lover, good-by.

She's loaded down with boys and men ;

Good-by, my lover, good-by.

Chorus.—By, baby, by,

By, baby, by,

By, baby, by,

Good-by, my lover, good-by.

The river is up, the channel is deep ;

Good-by, my lover, good-by.

Let the splash of your oars to the music keep ;

Good-by, my lover, good-by.

Chorus.—By, baby, by, *etc.*

I'll sing the song, I'll sing no more ;

Good-by, my lover, good-by.

I'm off to-day for a foreign shore ;

Good-by, my lover, good-by.

Chorus.—By, baby, by, *etc.*

Yes, I'll steer my bark to the ever green shore ;

Good-by, my lover, good-by.

We'll take one drink, we'll take no more ;

Good-by, my lover, good-by.

Chorus.— By, baby, by, *etc.*

THE GRAND OLD LOYAL LEGION.

Companion O. C. BOSEYSHELL.

Tune.—“Annie Rooney.”

With winning ways, and pleasant smile,
Companions come together, while
With merry jest the time beguile,
The grand old Loyal Legion.
Ev'rv meeting, rain or shine,
Finds us here by eight or nine,
To greet the boys who toed the line,
The grand old Loyal Legion.

Chorus.—Bing! Bang!! Bing!!! Bang!!!!
Sis, boom, a-h-h-h!
Bing! Bang!! Bing!!! Bang!!!!
Sis, boom, a-h-h-h!
So the cannon used to roar,
When we had the picnic in the days of yore.

The League is small, can't hold us well;
We're getting strong and very swell,
But not too tony yet to yell,
The grand old Loyal Legion.
The time will come when we'll grow less,
Let's meet that time with cheerfulness,
And praise the joyful Legion mess,
The grand old Loyal Legion.

Chorus.—Bing! Bang!! *etc.*

Let's hope that Benson and his men,
Will soon erect that handsome den,
Where Legionites and all their ken,
The grand old Loyal Legion.
Can find more room to circulate,
And thus be sure to cultivate,
More lasting and affectionate,
The grand old Loyal Legion.

Chorus.—Bing! Bang!! *etc.*

HAIL COLUMBIA.

Key of G major.

Hail! Columbia, happy land!
Hail! ye heroes, heav'n-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Chorus.— Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize;
While offering peace, sincere and just,
In heav'n we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail!

Chorus.— Firm, united let us be, *etc.*

HAIL! HAIL! COMPANIONS BRAVE.

Hail! Hail! Companions brave!
Defenders of the Nation,
Called from every station—
Here's to the land we saved,
When the Flag in triumph waved!

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Key of E.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home!

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that come at my call;
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all
Home! home! &c.

IN THE LOUISIANA LOWLANDS.

Key of C.

Way down in Louisiana, not many years ago,
There lived a colored gentleman, his name was Pompey Snow;
He played upon de banjo, and on de tamborine,
And for rattling de bones he was the greatest ever seen
 In the Louisiana lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
 In the Louisiana lowlands, low.

Chorus.—In the Louisiana lowlands, *etc.*

One night ole Pompey started off to play for Cæsar Clum,
But, afore he went, he fortified with a good stout glass of rum;
When on the road he thought he saw a darkey tall and grim,
So Pompey laid de banjo down to break de darkies shin,
 In the Louisiana lowlands, *etc.*

Says he, "Old chap, just move along, or else I'll spoil your face;"
But dis darkey did n't seem to move from out his hiding place;
So, drawing back, he crooked his head, and down at him, cachunk;
But Pompey made a sad mistake, for 't was nothing but a stump.
 In the Louisiana lowlands, *etc.*

The stump it proved a little hard, too hard for Pompey's wool,
For, when he struck, the hickory knot went thro' the darkey's skull.
They found his banjo by his side, and Pompey lying dead,

SPOKEN—(*And, my friends, this is the first time on record
that it was ever known of a darkey coming to his death.*)

SUNG—By de breaking of his head.

SPOKEN—(*And then they buried him.*)

SUNG: *Chorus*—In the Louisiana lowlands, *etc.*

IN THE MORNING, BY THE BRIGHT LIGHT.

Key of G.

I'm gwine away by the light of the moon,
Want all the children for to follow me;
I hope I'll meet you darkeys soon,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!
So tell the brothers that you meet,
Want all the children for to follow me;
That I will travel on my feet,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!

Chorus.—In the morning, morning, by the bright light,
Hear Gabriel's trumpet in the morning.

Go get a match and light that lamp.
Want all the children for to follow me;
And show me the way to the soldiers' camp,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!
We'll have beefsteak and sparerib stew,
Want all the children for to follow me;
And nice boiled onions, dipped in dew,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!

Chorus.—In the morning, morning, by the bright light, *etc.*

I'll take my old banjo along,
Want all the children for to follow me;
In case the boys should sing a song;
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!
For no one has to pay no fare,
Want all the children for to follow me;
So do n't forget to curl your hair,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah!

Chorus.—In the morning, morning, by the bright light, *etc.*

I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

Key of G.

I 's gwine back to Dixie,
No more I 's gwine to wander ;
My heart 's turned back to Dixie,
I can 't stay here no longer.
I miss de old plantation,
My home and my relation,
My heart 's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

Chorus.—I 's gwine back to Dixie,
I 's gwine back to Dixie,
I 's gwine where the orange-blossoms grow ;
For I hear the children calling,
I see their sad tears falling,—
My heart 's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

I 've hoed in fields of cotton,
I 've worked upon the river,
I used to think if I got off,
I 'd go back there—no ; never.
But time has changed the old man,
His head is bending low,
His heart 's turned back to Dixie,
And he must go.

Chorus.—I 's gwine back to Dixie, *etc.*

I 'm traveling back to Dixie ;
My step is slow and feeble,
I pray the Lord to help me,
And lead me from all evil.
And, should my strength forsake me,
Then, kind friends, come and take me ;
My heart 's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

Chorus.—I 's gwine back to Dixie, *etc.*

IT'S A WAY WE HAVE IN THE ARMY.

It's a way we have in the army,
It's a way we have in the army,
It's a way we have in the army,
 To drive dull care away.
 To drive dull care away.
 To drive dull care away.
It's a way we have in the army,
It's a way we have in the army,
It's a way we have in the army,
 To drive dull care away.

For we think it is quite right, sir,
On our regular Wednesday night, sir,
To get most gloriously tight, sir,
 To drive dull care away.
 To drive dull care away.
 To drive dull care away.
It's a way we have in the army,
It's a way we have in the army,
It's a way we have in the army,
 To drive dull care away.

JOHN MORGAN.

Key of F major.

John Morgan's at your stable door;
Where's your mule? oh, where's your mule?
John Morgan's at your stable door;
Where's your mule? oh, where's your mule?
You'll never see that mule no more—
He'll ride him till his back is sore.
And leave him at some stranger's door,—
There's your mule! oh, there's your mule!

They stole that mule of mine away,
And marked his back with C. S. A.
He'll come again some other day,
There's your mule! oh, there's your mule!
The mule is back we hear his bray,
John Morgan's gone, and gone to stay.
The country's safe, hooray! hooray!
Here's your mule! oh, here's your mule!

KELLY.

Has anybody here seen Kelly?
K-E-double-L-Y.
Has anybody here seen Kelly?
Have you seen him smile?
Sure his hair is red, his eyes are blue,
And he's Irish through and through.
Has anybody here seen Kelly?
Kelly from the Emerald Isle.

KINGDOM COMING.

Key of E flat.

Say white-folks, hab you seen de massa,
Wid de muffstash on his face,
Go long de road some time dis mornin',
Like he gwine to leave de place?
He seen de smoke, way up de ribber,
Whar de Linkum gunboats lay;
He took his hat, an' he lef berry sudden,
An I spec he's run away!

Chorus.—De massa run, ha, ha!
De darkies stay, ho, ho;
It mus' be now de Kingdom coming
An' de year of Jubilo!

He six foot one way, four foot tudder,
An he weigh three hundred pound,
His coat's so big he could't pav de tailor,
An' it would't go half way round;
He drill so much day call him Captain,
An' he got so dreadful tanned,
I spec' he try for to fool de Yankees
An' to pass for a contraband.

Chorus.— De massa run, ha, ha! *etc.*

De oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he dribe us round a spell;
But we lock him up in the smoke-house cellar,
Wid de key trown in de well,
De whip is lost, de han'-cuff broken,
An' old marster 'll hab his pay,
He's old enough, big enough, he'd ought to know better
Dan to go an' run away!

Chorus.—De massa run, ha! ha! *etc.*

LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE.

Key of B flat.

A little peach in an orchard grew,
Listen to my tale of woe,
A little peach of emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew, it grew!
Listen to my tale of woe.
One day in passing the orchard through,
Listen to my tale of woe,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue,
Them two, them two,
Listen to my tale of woe.

Chorus.—Hard trials for them two, Johnny Jones and his sister Sue,
And the peach of emerald hue, that grew, that grew,
Listen to my tale of woe.

Now up at the peach a club they threw,
Listen to my tale of woe,
Down from the stem on which it grew,
Fell the little peach of emerald hue,
Poor John! Poor Sue!
Listen to my tale of woe.
Now she took a bite and John a chew,
Listen to my tale of woe,
And then the trouble began to brew,
A trouble that the doctor could n't subdue,
Too true, too true,
Listen to my tale of woe.
Under the turf where the daisies grew,
Listen to my tale of woe,
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew,
Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!
Listen to my tale of woe.
But what of the peach of emerald hue,
Listen to my tale of woe,
That was warmed by the sun and wet by the dew!
Ah! well, its mission on earth is through,
Adieu! adieu!
Listen to my tale of woe.

LOYAL LEGIONIER.

By Companion Brevet Major-General JAMES MCQUADE.

Ho! soldiers, sailors, and marines! I sing a jolly blade,
Who nobly fit into the war, and never was dismayed;
Who never was dismayed, brave boys, nor walked off on his ear,—
A gallant Union saver was the Loyal Legionier.

Chorus.—The loyal, loyal, loyal, loyal, Loyal Legionier,
The loyal, loyal, loyal, loyal, Loyal Legionier,
He takes a drink when he is asked, of whiskey, wine or beer;
A gay and festive “sojer” is the Loyal Legionier.

THE LOYAL LEGION.

By Companion I. W. HEYSINGER, M. A., M. D.

Air—"Maryland.")

1. When boomed the first deep signal gun,
 There stood the Loyal Legion;
And when the last proud field was won,
 There stood the Loyal Legion;
They led the foremost charging rank,
They heard the Rebel fetters clank,
And when the Alabama sank
 There stood the Loyal Legion.
2. Remember Yorktown's dread morass,
 There stood the Loyal Legion;
And Williamsburg's blood-sprinkled pass,
 There stood the Loyal Legion.
Remember Fair Oaks' crimsoned rill,
The Spartan band at Gaines's Mill,
The serried ranks of Malvern Hill,
 There stood the Loyal Legion.
3. And echoing far their martial strains,
 There stood the Loyal Legion;
O'er Western hills and Southern plains,
 There stood the Loyal Legion;
When Donelson belched forth her roar,
When Shiloh rocked on seas of gore,
And New Orleans replied once more,
 There stood the Loyal Legion.
4. When o'er Manassas rolled the tide,
 There stood the Loyal Legion;
Bull Run again ran crimson-dyed,
 There stood the Loyal Legion;
But lo! Antietam rose to claim
The chaplet of her country's fame,
And gave to time a deathless name,
 There stood the Loyal Legion.

THE LOYAL LEGION,—*Continued.*

5. When burst the chains of Tennessee,
 There stood the Loyal Legion;
And swept the Mississippi free,
 There stood the Loyal Legion;
When east the fiery whirlwind passed,
And Corinth caught the battle-blast,
And Murfreesboro followed fast,
 There stood the Loyal Legion.
6. At Fredericksburg's red-crested hill,
 There stood the Loyal Legion;
The corpse-strewn shades of Chancellorsville,
 There stood the Loyal Legion;
When Gettysburg took up the strain,
And triumph crowned her mighty slain,—
When Vicksburg joined the grand refrain,
 There stood the Loyal Legion.
7. On Chickamauga's bloody ground,
 There stood the Loyal Legion;
At Chattanooga's swift rebound,
 There stood the Loyal Legion;
When Lookout tipped the clouds with flame,
And Mission Ridge rang wild acclaim,
When Knoxville earned undying fame,
 There stood the Loyal Legion.
8. The death-grip in the Wilderness!
 There stood the Loyal Legion;
Through Spotsylvania's storm and stress
 There stood the Loyal Legion;
Cold Harbor's lurid smoke rolled o'er,
Grim Petersburg was veiled in gore,
With sixty miles of cannon roar,
 There stood the Loyal Legion.

THE LOYAL LEGION.—*Concluded.*

9. When Charleston's skies hung dark with smoke,
There stood the Loyal Legion;
When Wagner's deadly tempest broke,
There stood the Loyal Legion;
When Shenandoah's rising tide,
And Sheridan's immortal ride
Sent whirling back the Southern pride,
There stood the Loyal Legion.
10. From Dalton downward rolled the flood,
There stood the Loyal Legion;
When Kenesaw was bathed in blood,
There stood the Loyal Legion;
And where beneath the Southern sun
The waves of battle wildly run,—
"Atlanta's ours, and fairly won,"
There stood the Loyal Legion.
11. From Allatoona to the sea,
There stood the Loyal Legion;
At Nashville's mighty victory
There stood the Loyal Legion;
O'er Carolina's flaming path,—
Where Five Forks blazed with fiery wrath,
And through the glorious aftermath,
There stood the Loyal Legion.
12. The sun of Appomattox rose.—
There stood the Loyal Legion;
Which left us friends, but found us foes,—
There stood the Loyal Legion;
No shout of triumph rose to thrill,
The flags were cased, the bands were still,
Our leader spake—'twas "Peace,—Good-will,"
There stood the Loyal Legion.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Key of A.

Bring the good old bugle, boys! we will sing another song;
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus.—"Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free!"
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes, even, started from the ground
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus.—"Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee! *etc.*

Yes; and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus.—"Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee! *etc.*

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said, and 't was a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon on a host,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus.—"Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee! *etc.*

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train—
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;
'Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus.—"Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee! *etc.*

MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

Key of D.

Round de meadows am a-ringing
De darkies' mournful song,
While de mocking-bird am singing—
Happy as de day am long,
Where de ivy am a-creeping
O'er de grassy mound,
Dar old massa am a-sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

Chorus.—Down in de corn-field
Hear dat mournful sound;
All de darkies am a-weeping—
Massa 's in de cold, cold ground.

Massa make de darkies lub him,
Kase he was so kind;
Now dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning kase he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
Kase de tear-drops flow;
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Pickin' on de old banjo.

Chorus.—

MIDSHIPMITE.

Key of C.

'Twas in fifty-five, on a winter's night,
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!
We'd got the Rooshan lines in sight
When up comes a little Midshipmite,
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!
"Who'll go ashore to-night," says he,
"An' spike their guns along wi' me?"
"Why bless 'ee, sir, come along!" says we.
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!

With a long, long pull,
An' a strong, strong pull,
Gaily, boys, make her go!
An' we'll sing to-night
To the Midshipmite,
Singing cheerily, lads, yo ho!

We launched the cutter and shoved her out,
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!
The lubbers might ha' heard us shout,
As the Middy cried, "Now, my lads, put about!"
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!
We made for the guns, and we ramm'd them tight,
But the musket shots came left and right,
And down drops the poor little Midshipmite,
Cheerily, &c.

"I'm done for now; good-bye!" says he,
Steadily, my lads, yo ho!
"You make for the boat, never mind for me!"
"We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die," says we,
Cheerily, my lads, yo ho!
So we hoisted him in, in a terrible plight,
An' we pulled, every man with all his might,
And saved the poor little Midshipmite.
Cheerily, &c.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Key of G.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n by Hard Times come a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky Home good-night!

Chorus.—Weep, no more my lady,
Oh! weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,
For the old Kentucky Home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by like the shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky Home good-night!

Chorus.—Weep no more my lady, *etc.*

The head must bow and the back will have to bend
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the fields where the sugar canes grow;
A few more days for to tote the wear' load,
No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky Home good-night!

Chorus.—Weep no more my lady, *etc.*

MY OWN UNITED STATES.

Words by S. STANGE.

Last verse by Captain W. R. HODGES.

The poet sings of sunny France,
Fair olive-laden Spain,
The Grecian Isles, Italia's smiles,
And India's torrid plains,
Of Egypt, countless ages old,
Dark Afric's palms and dates,
Let me acclaim, the land I name:
My own United States.

Chorus.—I love every inch of prairie land,
Each stone on her mountains' side,
I love every drop of the water clear
That flows in her rivers wide,
I love every tree, every blade of grass
Within Columbia's gates,
The Queen of the earth is the land of my birth:
My own United States.

The poet sings of Switzerland,
Braw Scotland's heathered moor,
The shimmering sheen of Ireland's green,
Old England's rockbound shore,
Quaint Holland and the Fatherland,
Their charms in verse relates,
Let me acclaim the land I name:
My own United States.

With loud acclaim we hail our flag,
Its red and white and blue;
The red the stain of hero's blood,
The white the lily's hue,
The blue from heaven's arch was torn,
By kindest of fates,
We pledge our honor and our lives
To our United States.

NANCY LEE.

Of all the wives as e'er you know,

Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!

There's none like Nancy Lee I trow,

Yeo ho! &c.

See, there she stands an' waves her hand upon the quay,

An' ev'ry day when I'm away, she'll watch for me,

An' whisper low when tempests blow, for Jack at sea;

Yeo ho! &c.

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,

Yeo ho! we go across the sea.

The sailor's wife his star shall be,

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be.

The harbor's past, the breezes blow,

Yeo ho! &c.

'Tis long e'er we come back I know,

Yeo ho! &c.

But true an' bright from morn till night my home will be,

An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet, for Jack at sea,

An' Nancy's face to bless the place, an' welcome me;

Yeo ho! &c.

The sailor's wife &c.

The boa's'n pipes the watch below;

Yeo ho! &c.

Then here's a health before we go,

Yeo ho! &c.

A long, long life to my sweet wife and mates at sea,

An' keep my bones from Davy Jones where'er we be,

An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nancy Lee;

Yeo ho! &c.

NELLIE WAS A LADY.

Key of B flat.

Down on the Mississippi floating,
Long time I trabbled on de way ;
All night de cotton-wood a-toting,
Singing for my true lub all de day.

Chorus.—Nellie was a lady, last night she died ;
Toll de bell for lubly Nell,
My dark Virginia bride !

Now I 'se unhappy and I 'se weeping,
Can't tote de cotton-wood no more ;
Last night while Nellie was a-sleeping,
Death came a-knocking at the door.

Chorus.— Nellie was a lady, last night she died ;
Toll de bell for lubly Nell,
My dark Virginia bride !

OLD BLACK JOE.

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
Gone from the earth to a better land, I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

I'm coming, I'm coming, For my head is bending low;
I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again,
Grieving for forms now departed long ago?
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children so dear, that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go.
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

OLD BRIGADE.

Where are the boys of the old Brigade,
Who fought with us side by side?
Shoulder to shoulder, and blade to blade,
Fought till they fell and died!
Who so ready and undismayed?
Who so merry and true?
Where are the boys of the old Brigade?
Where are the lads we knew?

Then steadily, shoulder to shoulder;
Steadily blade by blade!
Ready and strong, marching along
Like the boys of the old Brigade!

Over the sea far away they lie,
Far from the land of their love;
Nations alter, the years go by,
But Heav'n still is Heav'n above.
Not in the abbey proudly laid
Find they a place or part;
The gallant boys of the old Brigade,
They sleep in old England's heart.
Then steadily, etc.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Key of C.

Way down upon the Swanee river,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay,
All up and down the whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.

Chorus.—All the world am sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam,
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

All round the little farm I wander'd,
When I was young,
Then many happy days I squandered,
Many the songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brother,
Happy was I,
Oh, take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.

Chorus.—All the world am sad and dreary, *etc.*

One little hut among the bushes,
One that I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see the bees a-humming
All round the comb?
When will I hear the banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?

Chorus.—All the world am sad and dreary, *etc.*

OLD NOAH.

Key of G major.

Bress de Lord, I see old Noah!

Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!

Bress de Lord, I see old Noah!

Hal-la-lu-YAH!

How d' ye know dat dat is Noah?

Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!

How d' ye know dat dat is Noah?

Hal-la-lu-YAH!

Bekase I seed him in his ark,

Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!

Bekase I seed him in his ark,

Hal-la-lu-YAH!

Bress de Lord, I see old 'Lijah!

Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!

Bress de Lord, I see old 'Lijah!

Hal-la-lu-YAH!

How d' ye know dat dat is 'Lijah?

Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!

How d' ye know dat dat is 'Lijah?

Hal-la-lu-YAH!

Kase I seed him in his chariot,

Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!

Kase I seed him in his chariot,

Hal-la-lu-YAH!

Bress de Lord, I's gwine to glory!

Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!

Bress de Lord, I's gwine to glory!

Hal-la-lu-YAH!

How d' ye know dat ye's gwine to glory?

Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!

How d' ye know dat ye's gwine to glory?

Hal-la-lu-YAH!

Kase I feels it in my bones,

Hal-la-lu, hal-la-lu-yah!

Kase I feels it in my bones,

Hal-la-lu-YAH!

OUR FLAG IS THERE.

Our Flag is there! Our Flag is there!
We'll hail it with three loud huzzas!
Our Flag is there! Our Flag is there!
Behold the glorious Stripes and Stars!
Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag,
Strong hands sustained it mast-head high,
And oh! to see how proud it waves,
Brings tears of joy in ev'ry eye.
Our Flag is there! &c.

That flag withstood the battle's roar,
With foemen stout, with foemen brave!
Strong hands have sought that flag to low'r,
And found a speedy wat'ry grave.
That flag is known on every shore,
The standard of a gallant band;
Alike unstained in peace or war,
It floats o'er freedom's happy land.
Our Flag is there! &c.

ONE WIDE RIVER TO CROSS.

Key of G.

We 'll float together, we 'll float together,
There 's one wide river to cross.

Chorus.—One wide river, there 's one wide river to cross.

Three of a kind they beat two pair,
There 's one wide river to cross.

We 'll chase the Devil around the stump,
There 's one wide river to cross.

Fluke-ma-gilda! Fluke-ma-gilda!
There 's one wide river to cross.

RED AND BLUE.

Come all ye loyal classmen now,
In hall and campus through,
Lift up your hearts and voices for
The royal Red and Blue,
Fair Harvard has her Crimson,
Old Yale her colors, too,
But for dear Pennsylvania
We wear the Red and Blue.

CHORUS.

Hurrah, Hurrah, Pennsylvania,
Hurrah for the Red and Blue;
Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah,
Hurrah for the Red and Blue.

One color's in the blushing rose,
The other tints the clouds,
And when together both disclose
We're happy as the gods.
We ask no other emblem,
No other sign to view,
We only ask to see and cheer
Our colors Red and Blue.

And now through all the years to come
In midst of toil and care,
We'll get new inspiration
From the colors waving there.
And when to all our college life
We've said our last adieu,
We'll never say adieu to thee,
Our colors Red and Blue.

THE REGULAR ARMY, O!

Three years ago, this very day, we went to Governor's Isle
For to stand forninst the cannon, in true military style;
Siventeen American dollars each month we surely get
For to carry a gun and a bagnet with a regimental step.
We had our choice of going to the army or to jail,
Or it's up the Hudson river, with a copper, take a sail.
Oh, we puckered up our courage, with bravery we did go;
Oh, we cursed the day we went away with the Regular Army, O!

Chorus.—There was Sergeant John Mc-Caf-fe-ry,
And Captain Don-a-hue;
Oh, they make us march and toe the mark,
In gallant "Company Q;,"
Oh, the drums may roll, upon me soul
This is the way we'd go—
Forty miles a day, on beans and hay,
In the Regular Army, O!

We went to Arizony, for to fight the Inguns there;
Came near being made bald-headed, but they never got our hair,
We lay among the ditches in the yellow, dirty mud,
And we never saw an onion, a turnip, or a spud.
Oh, we were taken prisoners, conveyed forninst the Chafe;
Oh, he said, "We'll make an Irish stew!" the dirty Indian thafe.
On the telegraphic wire we walked to Mexico;
We bless the day we skipped away from the Regular Army, O!

Chorus.—There was Sergeant John Mc-Caf-fe-ry, *etc.*

We've corns upon our heels, my boys, and bunions on our toes;
While lugging a gun in the red-hot sun puts freckles upon our nose.
England has its Gren-a-diers, France has its Zoo-zoos,
The U.S.A. never changes, they say, but continually wears the blues.
When we are out upon parade, we must have our muskets bright,
Or they'll slap us in the guard-house to pass away the night.
And, when we want a furlough, to the Colonel we do go;
He says, Go to bed, and wait till you're dead in the Regular Army, O!

Chorus.—There was Sergeant John Mc-Caf-fe-ry, *etc.*

RINGS ON MY FINGERS.

Sure, I've got rings on my fingers,
Bells on my toes,
Elephants to ride upon,
My little Irish Rose;
So, come to your nabob,
And next St. Patrick's Day,
Be Mistress Mumbo Jumbo Jijiboo
J. O'Shea.

ROLLING HOME.

Up aloft amid the rigging,
Swiftly blows the fav'ring gale.
Strong as spring-time in its blossom
Filling out each bending sail;
And the waves we leave behind us,
Seem to murmur as they rise;
We have tarried here to bear you
To the land you dearly prize.

Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea;
Rolling home to fair Columbia,
Rolling home dear land to thee.

Full ten thousand miles behind us,
And a thousand miles before,
Ancient ocean heaves to bind us
To the well remembered shore;
New-born breezes swell to waft us
To our childhood's welcome skies,
To the glow of friendly faces
And the glance of loving eyes.

Rolling home, etc.

SCHOOL DAYS.

CHORUS.

School days, school days, dear old golden rule
days,
Readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetic,
Taught to the tune of a hickory stick;
You were my queen in calico,
I was your bashful barefoot beau,
And you wrote on my slate, "I love you, Joe."
When we were a couple of kids.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Key of C.

How can I bear to leave thee?
One parting kiss I give thee;
And then, whate'er befalls me,
I go where honor calls me.
Farewell, farewell my own true love.

Ne'er more may I behold thee,
Or to this heart enfold thee;
With spear and pennon glancing,
I see the foe advancing—
Farewell &c.

I think of thee with longing;
Think thou, when tears are thronging,
That with my last faint sighing,
I'll whisper soft, while dying,—
Farewell &c.

SONG OF THE LEGION.

Key of G.

Brave companions tried and true, noble Loyal Legion;
Veterans who wore the blue, noble Loyal Legion;

Men who drew the nation's sword,
Saved the flag from being lowered,
Rally round this jovial board,
Noble Loyal Legion.

Quick their country's call to heed, noble Loyal Legion;
Faithful in the hour of need, noble Loyal Legion;

Glorious deeds of patriot band,
Fighting for fair Freedom's land,
Bright on history's page shall stand,
Noble Loyal Legion.

Laureled banners on the wall, noble Loyal Legion;
Tender memories recall, noble Loyal Legion;

Joys with sadness intertwine,
Hearts through humid eyes outshine,
Tears perfume the merry wine,
Noble Loyal Legion.

While of this heroic host, noble Loyal Legion;
One is left to drink a toast, noble Loyal Legion;

He'll remember days of yore,
Loved companions gone before,
Mustered on the shining shore,
Noble Loyal Legion.

SO SAY WE, ALL OF US.

Key of F.

So say we, all of us,
So say we, all of us,
So say we all.
So say we, all of us,
So say we, all of us,
So say we, all of us,
So say we all.

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Key of B flat

O! say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
And the rockets red glare, and the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
Tis the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation,
Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

STEIN SONG.

Give a rouse, then, in the May-time
For a life that knows no fear!
Turn night-time into day-time
With the sunlight of good cheer!
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
 With a stein on the table
And a good song ringing clear;
 For it's always fair weather
 When good fellows get together,
 With a stein on the table
 And a good song ringing clear.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

Key of A.

We're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground;
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear.

Chorus.—Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the light,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp-ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "Good-by!"

Chorus.—Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, *etc.*

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground;
Many are the dead and gone
Of the brave and true who've left their homes;
Others been wounded long.

Chorus.—Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, *etc.*

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp-ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some are dying,—
Many are in tears.

Chorus.—Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the light,
To see the dawn of peace.
Dying to-night, dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp-ground.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Key of A flat.

There's music in the air

When the infant morn is nigh,
And faint its blush is seen,

On the bright and laughing sky.
Many a harp's ecstatic sound,
—With its thrill of joy profound,
While we list enchanted there
To the music in the air.

There's music in the air

When the noon-tide's sultry beam
Reflects a golden light

On the distant mountain stream.
When beneath some grateful shade,
Sorrow's aching head is laid,
Sweetly to the spirit there
Comes the music in the air.

There's music in the air

When the twilight's gentle sigh
Is lost on evening's breast,

As its pensive beauties die.
Then, O then the loved ones gone
Wake the pure celestial song,
Angel voices greet us there
In the music in the air.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

Key of B flat.

In my prison-cell I sit,
Thinking, mother dear, of you,
And of all the happy friends so far away;
And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Though I tried to cheer my comrades and be gay.

Chorus.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching;
Cheer up, comrades, they will come;
And beneath the starry flag, we shall breathe the air again
Of the freemen in our own beloved home!

In the battle front we stood
When the fiercest charge was made,
And they swept us off—a hundred men or more;
But, before they reached our lines,
They were driven back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.

Chorus.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching, *etc.*

So, within the prison cell,
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door;
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

Chorus.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching, *etc.*

VIVA L' AMERICA.

Key of B flat.

Noble Republic! happiest of lands,
Foremost of nations Columbia stands,
Freedom's proud banner floats in the skies,
Where shouts of liberty daily arise.

Chorus.—"United we stand, divided we fall,"
Union forever—freedom to all;
Throughout the world our motto shall be
Viva l' America, Home of the free.

Should ever traitor rise in the land,
Cursed be his homestead—withered his hand,
Shame be his memory—scorn be his lot—
Exile his heritage, his name a blot!

Chorus.—"United we stand, divided we fall," *etc.*

To all her heroes—Justice and Fame,
To all her foes a traitor's foul name;
Our stripes and stars still proudly shall wave,
Emblem of Liberty, flag of the brave.

Chorus.—"United we stand, divided we fall," *etc.*

VICTORY AT LAST.

For many years we've waited to hail the day of peace,
When our land shall be united, and war and strife shall cease;
And now the day approaches, the drums are beating fast,
And all the boys are coming home—there's victory at last.

Chorus.—There's victory at last, boys; victory at last!
O'er land and sea our flag is free, we'll nail it to the mast;
Yes, we'll nail it to the mast, boys; nail it to the mast;
For there's victory, victory, victory, at last.

The heroes who have gained it, and lived to see that day,
We will meet with flying banners and honors on the way;
And all their sad privations shall to the wind be cast,
For the boys are coming home—there's victory at last.

Oh, happy wives and children, light up your hearts and homes,
For, see, with martial music, "the conquering hero comes,"
With flags and streamers flying, while drums are beating fast;
For all the boys are coming home—victory at last.

WE SAIL THE OCEAN BLUE.

We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty;
We're sober men, and true,
And attentive to our duty.
When the balls whistle free over the bright blue sea,
We stand to our guns all day;
When at anchor we ride on the Portsmouth tide,
We have plenty of time for play.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH FATHER?

What's the matter with father, he's all right,
What's it matter if father's hair is white?
I'm very strong for the other sex,
But Dad's the fellow that sends the checks,
What's the matter with father, he's all right.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

Key of A minor.

When Johnny comes marching home again;
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then;
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home;
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home.
The old church-bell will peal with joy;
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy;
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lasses say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home;
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home.
Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three;
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now,
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home;
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home.
Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display;
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And let each one perform some part
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home;
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home.

YANKEE DOODLE.

Key of A.

"Yankee Doodle!" long ago,
They played it to deride us,
But now we march to victory,
And that's the tune to guide us.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!
Yankee Doodle Dandy;
How we made the red coats run,
At Yankee Doodle Dandy!

To fight is not a pleasant game,
But if we must we'll do it;
When Yankee Doodle once begins
Our Yankee boys go through it.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha! *etc.*

And let her come upon the sea,
The insolent invader,
And there the Yankee boys will be
Prepared to serenade her.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha! *etc.*

"Yankee Doodle!" how it brings
The good old days before us!
'T was two or three began the song,
And millions joined the chorus.

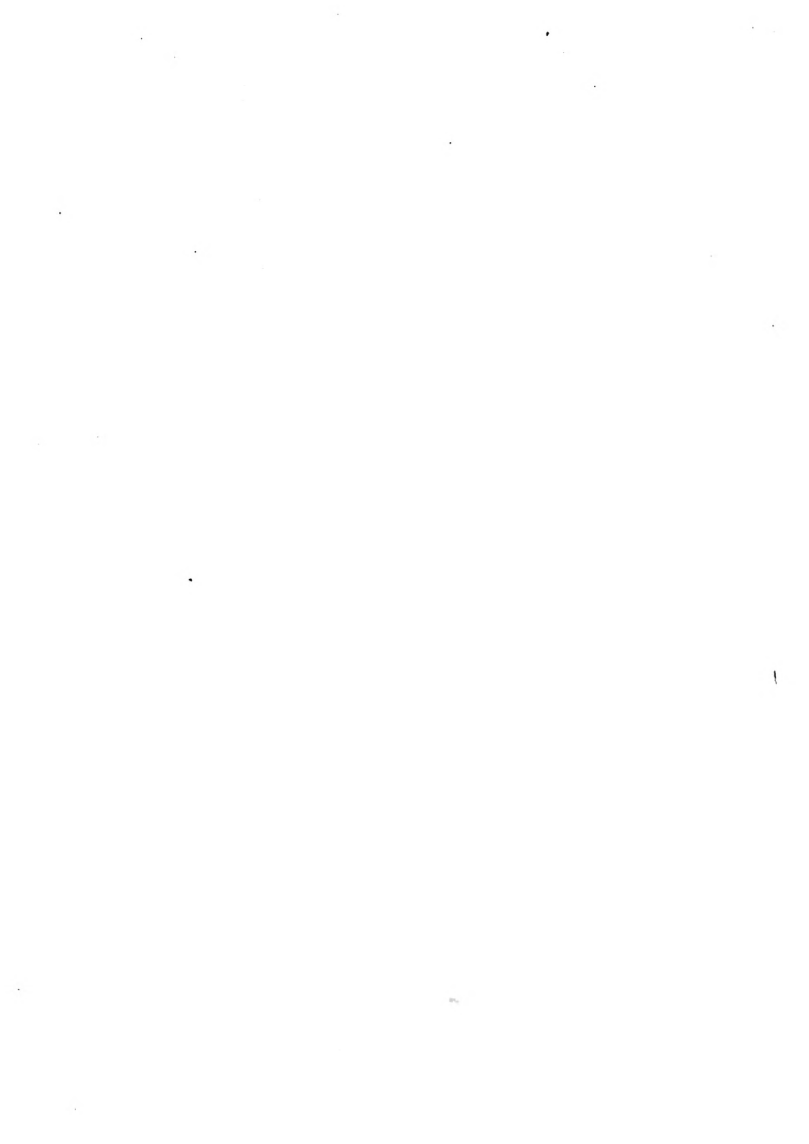
Chorus.—Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha! *etc.*

"Yankee Doodle!" not alone
The Continent will hear it,
But all the world shall catch the tone,
And every tyrant fear it.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha! *etc.*

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